

3m 0  
4  
Z E L I D A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

---

B Y      T H E      A U T H O R.

---

— — — — *Præcipe lugubres,*  
*Cantus Melpomene.* — — — —      Hor.

---



---

---

OXFORD:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR. M,DCC,LXXII.

ADD. MS.

YADDISH

1901 TANAKH



OXFORD

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY  
BENJAMIN HORNELL LTD. LONDON

# PROLOGUE

TO

ZELIDA.

*SINCE* luckless lovers merit still a tear  
Flowing, to wet the melancholy bier;  
*Since* Virtue, combating with black despair,  
Still claimeth pity in the British fair;  
Our fervent Bard hath ev'ry pow'r confin'd  
To try the softest passage to the mind;  
By nervous strokes some useful rule t' impart,  
Refine the manners, and amend the heart.  
If, in th' attempt, his good intention fails,  
And each offended Critic loudly rails;  
If hated Dulness, with a heavy mein,  
Reclin'd, at ease, sleeps o'er each labour'd scene;  
Let frowning Judgment false applause refuse,  
And pass its sentence on the trembling Muse.  
But when the piece, impartially survey'd,  
Is found, like pictures, mix'd with light and shade;  
When modest scenes licentious vice controul,  
And tender passions melt the feeling soul;  
Ill-fated love for which ZELIDA dies,  
May draw Compassion's drops from streaming eyes;  
And if her fortunes deep impression make,  
Excuse the Author for the Heroine's sake.

\*\*\*\*\*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

### M E N.

The SULTAN.

ACHMET, the Vizier.

ARCHIBALD, generally call'd  
SELIM.

HENRY, his Friend.

OFFICERS, GUARDS, EUNUCHS, PRISONERS, &c.

TURKS.

CHRISTIANS.

### W O M E N.

ZELIDA, Daughter to the SULTAN.

PARTHENA, her Confident.

SCENES, *Armenia, and its Boundaries.*



## Z E L I D A.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*The Christian Camp.**Enter Selim.*

*Selim.* SWIFT as the plumes of Fancy, envenom'd  
 Evils wing. One moment view'd the mind in  
 Halcyon ease, the next beheld it wear  
 The chains of love. But, lo! a champion  
 Of the sacred cause steals thro' the gloom of  
 Night. Say, who thou art, that wand'rest thro' these  
 Solitary shades, while other mortals  
 Court their soft repose.

*Enter Henry.*

*Henry.* Pardon, great Sir,  
 A friend's officious zeal, that thus intrudes  
 Upon your private hours,—hours which  
 The Goddess Nature doom'd to rest, to fit the  
 Soldier for to-morrow's dawn, and edge the blunted  
 Soul for deeds of war.

*Selim.* Then will Aurora  
View th' impending blow, and Fate, with all its  
Dreary horrors arm'd, stalk'd in the sickly  
Air: either the potent patron we adore  
Smiles on his pious sons, or liberty's  
No more.

*Henry.* To him, that just disposer of  
Events, I bow a lowly vassal. If  
Bright success beams on the Christian arms  
Our laurels ne'er can wither. But if we fail,  
The glorious cause that first inspir'd my  
Breast, will somewhat ease the weight of shameful  
Bonds.

*Selim.* By Heav'n! a Godlike thought above the  
Soul of Greek, or Roman Chief: but know,  
Exalted youth, however Chance shall throw  
Her random die, thy friend's a wretch for  
Ever.

*Henry.* Recall that impious word. And to  
The centre of Lethean stream plunge ev'ry  
Gloomy care.

*Selim.* It will not be. The feather'd  
Tyrant storm'd the citadel of Life, and  
Waves his bloody banners. I feel the heavy  
Force of rude controul. Check not the tear of  
Pity, noble youth, for sweet Compassion's  
Near akin to Love.

*Henry.* Thy words untune the  
Music of my soul. Child of affliction  
Speak the tale of grief. Ye rougher passions  
Down: be hush'd ye winds, ye waters cease to  
Roar: all but attention silent as  
The tomb: be dead each thought but what thy  
Sorrow brings, to light the gentle flame of  
Soft concern.

*Selim.* Sweet sympathetic proof of  
Gen'rous

## Z E L I D A.

7

Gen'rous mind, be still the friend, and share a  
Lover's pangs. Passing one fatal moment  
Thro' the vale, where the small current of a  
Crystal stream, meand'ring, glides along. I,  
Somewhat languid, sought for needful ease, and  
On the moss-clad fountain begg'd sleep's refreshing  
Dew. But soon was rouzed by a dismal  
Cry, whose echo seem'd to burst the passing  
Clouds. I posted on the wings of thought,  
Knowing distress exacted present aid  
From ev'ry soldier's hand. And what from that  
Curst æra takes its date, these wat'ry drops declare.

*Henry.* Take consolation, sir; perchance your  
Fortune ripens in the womb of time  
And you may still be blest.

*Selim.* Yet hear me farther,  
Thou wilt frankly own this breast shall ne'er  
Embrace its wonted calm, since dire reflection  
Lives to probe the wound. I found a virgin  
Hemm'd on ev'ry side by Virtue's sharpest  
Foes, and had I paid the debt of Nature  
There, the stroke had then been welcome.

*Henry.* How 'scap'd  
My friend the force of lawless rage?

*Selim.* Ev'n by  
My evil Genius, or some blind Dæmon  
That preserv'd my life, to suffer future  
Ills. The trusty partners of this hateful  
War watch'd my unguarded steps, and snatch'd  
Me, panting, from the whirl of battle. High  
O'er the bloody scene the fair one stood,  
And grateful tribute pay'd to rescue's hand.  
But when she spoke—grateful as voice of melody  
Divine was each harmonious sound. I,  
With unbounded transport's eye, gaz'd till  
My freedom vanish'd as a shade. I can  
No more!

*Henry.* Thy sighs inform the rest, and that  
Pale look must spare thy tongue the pains, and speak  
The poignant grief.

*Selim.* Only this bracelet faintly  
Feeds the dying embers of a soothing hope,  
Which, till this present moment, 'scap'd my thought.  
On this one cast my all's for ever set.  
If 'tis too much, ye pow'rs, that I to-morrow's  
Fate survive, to love, may some envenom'd  
Arrow drink my blood.

*Henry.* Retire, great sir, the  
Down of rest may lull your busy care, and  
Heal disquiet's sore.

*Selim.* Oh ! never, never. My  
Heart is lost in sorrow's winding maze, and  
Ne'er can reach its home. Oh ! Henry, her last  
Words cleave to the center of my tortur'd  
Soul,—oh ! gen'rous youth, canst thou give conduct  
To a hostile camp,—our prophet shall reward.  
Thee ; aye, and perhaps may deal his lib'ral  
Gifts by my enervate hand.

*Henry.* Enough ! The  
Fulgid beams of day may gild thy darker  
Thoughts. The din of war shall rouze the tyrant  
Boy, and warm thy breast with far more manly  
Fire.—Oh ! Death, how many heroes shall to-  
Morrow fall to glut thy savage altar. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E II. *The Armenian Council.*

*Sultan, Achmet, &c.*

*Sultan.* Thou faithful Achmet, whose sage experience  
Rules our midnight council, under whose fost'ring  
Care Armenia sends her brown embattl'd  
Sons, be seen thy Godlike self. To thee our

Prophet

Prophet trusts his holy cause. For thee the ~~hand~~ <sup>left</sup> Gentle gales of fervent vows ascend ~~oblivion to bee~~ The walls of paradise. This day Bellona ~~sum~~ Claims the mighty prowess of her hero's sword. Once but deserve her smiles, vict'ry presents Th' unsullied crown of fame, and binds Thy brow with wreaths for ever green.

*Achmet. Danger*  
In ev'ry form I've oft encounter'd, and Made my court to Death, like some coy mistress, In the field of war. Haste then, oh ! valour, From the sable veil of foul suspect.

*Sultan. Peace !*

Achmet, peace ! let not thy subtle virtue Take alarm. Thou, like a precious metal, Well refin'd, hast past a fiery Trial of thy worth ; but if, in times like These, thy anxious master strives to kindle Ardour in heroic minds, the righteous Task befits a Sultan well.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Officer. Thou glorious ray*  
Of ne'er declining light, slave to thy Pow'r, and uncontrol'd desire, I bring Th' important summons. These active Christians, Wedg'd in firm array, break thro' the glade Of yonder leafy wood, and brave our Prophet's vengeance. By expeditious March they've gain'd the plain, (for so our trusty Spies have now inform'd) and wait the coming Charge.

*Achmet. Now ! by yon' fretted dome I loudly Swear, their noble daring claims the praise of Foes.—Let's haste to meet 'em. My soul rejects*

*The*

The hand of dire restraint, and ev'ry latent  
Seed of fortitude is warm'd by Glory's  
Sun.—But, oh! Zelida—

*Sultan.* Speak not, I  
Charge thee, Achmet, on thy life, or speak in  
Whispers, this thy plaintive love, least ev'ry  
Heart shou'd catch the soft infection, and  
Quite forget the bloody task of war.

*Achmet.* Sir,  
To be dumb in such a cause exceeds all  
Pow'r that Heav'n allots to man; but if my  
Foward tongue betrays one thought to shock my  
Master's peace, may I fall early in the  
Arms of Death, and ne'er again offend.

*Sultan.* Rise!  
Like thy growing fame, thou second Lord, in  
Proud Armenia's realm; the present hour  
Invites thee to the field, and ev'ry moment  
Chides thy long delay. Think not thy grateful  
Monarch shall neglect to crown thy martial  
Feats. Our lavish'd bounties, with unsparing  
Hand, greet thy triumphant banners.

*Achmet.* Thus! from  
A heart as lowly as my knee, I pour [kneels.  
The grateful torrent.

*Sultan.* Fly then to join the hardy  
Sons of arms, for, hark! the welcome music {trumpets  
Of the field proclaims the onset near. Here {found.  
Break we off. Soon as the silver dawn  
Of soothing peace beams on our rugged clime  
The morrow's sun beholds Zelida thine.

*Achmet.* Swift as an arrow from the bended bow  
I fly to execute the Sultan's will. [Exit.

*Sultan.* 'Tis spoke! Nought but celestial beings  
Merit more. E'en now, perchance, his brave  
Illustrious deeds acquire a recent praise.—

I feel

## Z E L I D A.

11

I feel affection for the godlike  
Youth. A soft emotion riseth in my  
Soul, which, something tells me, is a crime to quell.

[Exit.

### SCENE III. *An inward Apartment in the Sultan's Palace.*

Enter Zelida and Parthena.

Parthena. Oh! my Zelida! Oh! my Royal Mistress,  
Why wears that lovely face the veil of  
Tears. True innate greatness of a noble  
Mind riseth superior to a world  
Of woe, and scorns its feeble rage.

Zelida. True, my  
Parthena, royal souls, like mine, warm with  
The sparks of pure æthereal fire, shou'd shrink  
At guilt alone, and dread no other foe.  
But sure the weakness of our timid sex  
Smooths error's rigid brow. A long descent  
From Eastern Rulers trac'd, Armenia's  
Princess born for Sovereign Rule, thou'd thirst  
Alone for universal sway. But sure  
The nature of thy wretched friend betrays  
The woman in her wounded breast, too  
Blindly partial to the voice of Love.

Parthena. Dash not thy bark on that unhallow'd  
Least thou, forlorn, like some poor shipwreck'd wretch  
Who ne'er shall taste the food of comfort more,  
Art doom'd a prey to ruin.

Zelida. Why let it  
Come! let the fond Syren spread her magic  
Spells, Zelida's well prepar'd to brave them  
All! Nay, ruin wears a pleasing crown of  
Charms, since 'tis array'd by him.

Parthena.

*Parthena.* How canst

Thou sooth delusive fancy thus ; mistake  
 The fleeting shade for solid joy,  
 And varnish o'er destruction ? shall that great  
 Soul which Heav'n for empire form'd, leaving  
 Its native grandeur, embrace the passion  
 Of a silly swain, and fall a victim  
 To inglorious love ?

*Zelida.* Alas ! Parthena,

Thou poor silly maid, believ'st the conquest  
 Of a stubborn heart, an easy task  
 Perform'd. No ! The resistless fury  
 Triumphs here, and swells in large domain ;  
 Lives in the current of our vital stream,  
 And ev'ry beating pulse declares its pow'r.

*Parthena.* Madam, consider.--Friendship urgeth home,  
 And lends a freedom to Parthena's tongue.  
 Oh ! I conjure thee, thou unhappy fair,  
 By ev'ry racking pang this bosom feels,  
 Abjure that fatal flame, fatal to  
 Honour, life, and Turkish law.—Religion's  
 Fix'd an adamantine bar to blast  
 Each budding hope.

*Zelida.* Why shou'd the

Vot'ries of one common Lord, with Zeal's  
 Inhuman wrath, dispute the sev'ral paths  
 That lead to bliss, since ev'ry sacred tract,  
 Pursu'd with strict integrity of life,  
 Perhaps attains its bounds. But know, mistaken  
 Girl, tho' in the days of my unripen'd youth,  
 I bent my knee as our forefathers did,  
 Yielding submission to a dotard  
 Priest. Zelida's now a Christian.

*Parthena.* A

Christian ! say'st thou ? When shall I call my  
 Scatter'd spirits home, lost in a cloud

Of

Of wonder? say, fair Apostate, oh! say  
The efficient cause that wrought this sudden  
Change.

*Zelida.* Cease to admire, and what thy wishes  
Ask, receive from me. But ne'er these lips had  
Told the sacred story of my vow  
Did I not find a cordial friend in  
Thee, one, who by ways peculiar to  
Herself augments the joy of prosp'rous hours  
(If any such attend a wretch like me)  
And lightens ev'ry care.

*Parthena.* Madam, you over-  
Rate Parthena's worth,—but, tho 'tis little,—  
Here she offers all; devotes her service  
To the royal maid she loves; nay, more!  
Her peace, and life itself, with whatsoever  
Else is valued dear.

*Zelida.* Hear then a tale  
With frank confession told.—A pious  
Matron of Venetian race, whose woes,  
Unnumber'd as Arabian sands, wou'd,  
In recital, draw compassion's tear,  
And melt a list'ning Tartar's stubborn  
Heart, mov'd from Circassia in my mother's  
Train, mix'd in the vulgar herd of slaves.

In every look distinction stamp't its  
Seal to mark her truly noble. Her  
Wither'd limbs, oppress'd with galling chains,  
Feebly sustain'd their weight. Yet her fix'd soul,  
On its foundation firm, was still  
Unconquer'd. Fortune had made its efforts  
There in vain.

*Parthena.* Sure! 'tis a sight that charms  
Celestial pow'rs, when innate merit  
Triumphs o'er affliction.

*Zelida.* Touch'd with  
The nicest feelings of our sex, I begg'd To

To share her grief. Eas'd the unhappy  
 Captive's bonds, and stifled ev'ry groan. From  
 Her the force of energy divine, darted  
 Its warmest rays. The various suff'rings  
 Of a righteous Lord, whose unexampled  
 Piety and love attow'd for human  
 Guilt, challeng'd each latent pow'r. By her  
 Inspir'd, I boldly mov'd in Virtue's choicest  
 Road, with undissembled faith.

*Parthena.* But shou'd the  
 Sultan learn this wond'rous truth, this Inno-  
 Vation of a royal mind, where stands  
 The hope of Empire?

*Zelida.* Here let it fall,  
 And perish with the thought. Oh! wretched  
 Royalty, thou pois'nous weed of dire  
 Ambition's soil, how many rising  
 Flowers, fraught with the vernal sweets, thy  
 Rancour hath destroy'd.

*Parthena.* Madam, I tremble.—

*Zelida.* Give me thy fears, drest in the blackest garb  
 Of horror, resign'd to fate, I'll view its cheerless  
 Hue. Ah! let the Sultan, with despotic  
 Sway, drive me an outcast o'er the spacious  
 Globe, when baneful Sirius holds his fiery  
 Rule; or, let me, banish'd from the race of  
 Man, wander thro' Lybian plains, or  
 Zembla's snow. Wan with corroding grief,  
 And pale with care, the pitying brutes  
 May lose their savage nature, and silently  
 Partake Zelida's woe.

*Parthena.* Madam, the  
 Terror of the Sultan's power's not half  
 So dreadful as the Vizier's love.

*Zelida.* Oh!  
 Name not him and love. Two names which Heaven  
 Ne'er

Ne'er ordain'd to join. Let us not thus, with  
 Sorrow premature, anticipate our  
 Evils. Death may release me, ere that  
 Horrid hour. Or if I drag this gloomy being  
 On, perchance the grand Original of all,  
 Who aids his children in the day of need;  
 May, in compassion to Zelida's tears,  
 By unexpected measures yield relief. [Exeunt.]

## A C T H. S C E N E I

*The Sultan's Palace.*

*Enter Sultan.*

*Sultan.* **E**RE this the business of the field is o'er.—  
 A crimson deluge of unholy blood  
 O'erflows the dusty plain, and unbelievers  
 Bow their vanquish'd heads, or ev'ry saint  
 In Paradise bewails Armenia's  
 Hapless doom.

*Enter Officer.*

*Officer.* Sultan of this our oriental  
 World, our Prophet's great Vicegerent here  
 Below, I bring thee tidings of diffusive  
 Joy to chase Despondence, and its dreary  
 Train, and raise each drooping thought.

*Sultan.* Soldier!

Say on, for gladness wantons on thy  
 Ruddy brow, and every spirit, dancing  
 In thy eye, seems welcome prelude to the  
 Tale thou bear'st.

*Officer.*

*Officer.* Then we have conquer'd.

*Sultan.* Eternal

Praise, oh! Mahomet, be thine! Ye powers  
 Angelic tune your golden harps, and sing  
 Melodious Pæans?—But, does the  
 Vizier live; or hath the savage monster  
 Death, that blasts the fairest blossoms of  
 Renown, envy'd his tow'ring fame.

*Officer.* Sir, he

Survives, and, by his actions, well  
 Deserveth life. He comes with glorious  
 Wreaths adorn'd, not to receive the homage  
 Of a crowd, but rather share their freedom.

*Sultan.* Prepare the gladsome instruments of war.  
 Echo abroad the valour of the Chief.  
 The meanest soldier in the Turkish band  
 Demands our warmest thanks. Oh! Fortune, [Ex. Off.  
 Thou well repay'st me now for all my  
 Sorrows; be but propitious one  
 Succeeding moon, then fail me if thou canst.

*Enter Zelida.*

*Zelida.* Oh! regal source, from whence Zelida draws  
 Her vital streams, be this the whitest hour  
 In Life's fair day. Now graceful Conquest spreads  
 Her silver train, and hails her happy  
 Children. The joyous prospect of a  
 Lasting peace is every soldier's friend.  
 The plain of plenty spreads its ripen'd sweets,  
 And yields its yellow harvest to our hands.  
 No more the rough invaders pierce the wide  
 Vault of heav'n with loud alarms, nor shock the  
 Quiet of Armenia's realm.

*Sultan.* Daughter, approach!—  
 Yet nearer still!—Receive in this embrace

The

The fondest token of parental love,  
And since the spreading wings of long-sought ease  
O'ershade our harrass'd state, join with a father  
Common to you both, to plan its future good.

*Zelida.* It rests on you alone, nor e'er demands  
A feeble virgin's aid. Yet shou'd our prophet,  
In a day of wrath, visit, with peals indignant,  
This our land, Zelida gladly wou'd  
Atone for all. Arming her breast to meet  
The shafts of vengeance; she'd bless the awful  
Hand that dealt the welcome blow, sink to her  
Rest, and bid the world farewell.

*Sultan.* Thou tender  
Pledge of nuptial vow, no more! The blessed  
Spirits from the starry dome applaud thy  
Matchless virtue. Live to enjoy the crown  
Thy father wears, and with it all his honours.  
But ere I mellow in a good old age,  
And near advance the final line of life,  
Wou'd see a future Sultan spring from thee,  
Under whose placid sway succeeding times  
Shall hail their gentle Lord.

*Zelida.* What means my  
Father?

*Sultan.* The surest welfare of a darling  
Child, not dear alone by Nature's holy  
Bond, but dear unto me by a nobler  
Union, firmly allied in Virtue.  
The Vizier Achmet, of unblemish'd  
Mind, who draws perfection from thy fair  
Example, shall vow the passion  
Of enraptur'd love. Blest with the brightest beams  
Of warlike fame, the victor enters with  
Surrounding friends, and lays his laurels at  
Zelida's feet.

*Zelida.* Achmet I honour as

B

The

oT

The Sultan's Chief, in the full noon of glory.  
 Oh ! may his bays, like every vernal mead,  
 Appear in lively hue, and may his name,  
 White as the maiden snow from bleaching clouds,  
 Scorn envy's feeble dart.—May he be  
 Happy with some other bride, and amply  
 Blest in soft endearment's charms, foretaste  
 His heaven, and ev'ry joy divine.

*Sultan.* Blind to the good that  
 Courts thee, thou blast'st the tender purpose of  
 My soul. When I entreat to raise thee to  
 Renown, shall mere perverseness cancel  
 Thy consent. I who have rear'd thee like an  
 Infant plant, skreen'd thy defenceless youth from  
 Every wile, and daily taught thee how to  
 Govern well, am ill repay'd for such  
 Parental care. No longer order rules  
 The common weal, or holds in tranquil state  
 Its social sons, where filial  
 Disobedience moves with gigantic step.

*Zelida.* Distract me not with such heart-piercing words.  
 Fix, fix thy poniard in my spotless breast,  
 The wound will seem less dreadful ! Shall  
 I forget the boundless debt I owe ?

*Sultan.* Oh ! never may'st thou. Let all the mother  
 Live, and shine in thee. A meek compliance  
 With affection sweet, grac'd the illustrious  
 Matron.

*Zelida.* [Aside.] Oh ! pow'r supreme, direct me,  
 thou primal  
 Source of thought, assist Zelida in this doubtful  
 Hour !

*Sultan.* Why meditates my child ?

*Zelida.* Because contending  
 Passions war within, and struggle for  
 The sway. I have a heart, humbly attentive

To

To the call of duty, but must not fall  
 Its victim. Cou'dst thou behold my agonizing  
 Thoughts ; the poignant tortures of my lab'ring  
 Soul, thou woud'st in pity take me to thy  
 Breast, and strive to charm my sorrows to repose.

*Enter Officer.*

*Officer.* Sultan! thou darling favorite of the sky,  
 The noble Vizier, near the palace gate,  
 In grand procession moves, and begs by  
 Me, the servant of his will, to pay his  
 Duty at your royal feet.

*Sultan.* Let him approach  
 These wide extended arms, and taste the  
 Welcome which his merit claims. But thou [to Zelida].  
 Ungrateful girl, who ill repay'st the  
 Fondness of a sire, must quickly teach thy  
 Tongue another tale. A few succeeding  
 Hours I give thee to reflect. Improve each  
 Precious moment of the time. Instruct  
 Thy stubborn heart to own a Lord, enrich'd  
 By mental dignity and worth ; who with  
 Just right hereafter rules the realm by wedding thee ;  
 Or here I swear by his tremendous name  
 Who deals his thunder to the frightened world, I'll  
 Henceforth 'rase each soft impression from my breast,  
 And cast thee off an alien to my blood. [Exit.]

*Zelida.* Whither, undone Zelida, wilt thou fly,  
 To shun an angry father's madding rage.  
 No ray of comfort chears my dreary soul,  
 But all within's a chaos ! Perhaps my  
 Love, the fairest product of unerring  
 Nature, is wrung with massy chains. Perhaps  
 He's fall'n beneath the reeking steel, cover'd  
 With gaping wounds. The Sultan too, by

Headstrong passion blind, may drag this  
 Trembling frame to Achmet's loath'd embrace.  
 Distraction hovers round on every side,  
 And intercepteth every happy view. [weeps.]

*Enter Parthena.*

*Parthena.* What plaintive sounds alarm Parthena's ear  
 With Sorrow's rueful voice? Alas? my friend  
 In tears!

*Zelida.* In tears indeed! By them I fondly  
 Try to ease my anguish, and calm the troubles  
 Of a care-worn heart. But Fate, that ne'er  
 Retracts its own decree, seems to deride  
 Zelida's vain attempt. Was ever virgin's  
 Hapless state like mine. Deny'd to hide me  
 From the prying world, and brood in pining  
 Silence o'er my grief, since I am royal born.  
 Oh! had the stars ordain'd thy luckless friend,  
 The homely daughter of some simple swain,  
 She'd feel a lighter pressure of her ills,  
 In the retreat of unfrequented groves,  
 Join the young nightingale's complaining note,  
 And sing soft chorus to the tragic moan;  
 Or, on some river's pendent bank, sadly  
 Attend a story of distress, and swell  
 The shallow water with her tears.

*Parthena.* Do woes  
 Long-felt, increase as time rolls on, or doth  
 The canker of some new mishap feed on  
 The bloom of beauty?

*Zelida.* Collect each black  
 Idea thou canst frame, and if thou'l't learn  
 The horrors of my soul, dress up a  
 Phantom in the direst form, and call it  
 Achmet.

*Parthena*

*Parthena.* Flush'd with his late success, and  
Firm supported by a numerous train  
Of potent friends obsequious to his will,  
Achmet indeed I fear.

*Zelida.* Thy dread is grounded  
On a certain base, no earthly power is  
Likely to dissolve. To day my father  
Urg'd this harsh command. Daughter receive the  
Victor as a man, decreed the kingdom's  
Future lord, and thine: one who to after-  
Ages may transmit, unspotted honour  
Springing from a son, whom ev'ry faithful  
Subject shall revere.

*Parthena.* And can Zelida  
Lose her christian love in deep oblivion's  
Stream, and wed the wretch whom most her soul  
abhors?

*Zelida.* Sooner the lowly bramble shall o'ershoot  
The tall cloud-piercing pine, or human hand  
Arrest the shining stars, as in their spheres  
They move. Oh, rather let me be for endless  
Years expos'd to blasting winds, 'till cold  
Contractive pinch'd me to a point, or scorch'd  
By heat, 'till ev'ry nerve and pore, stretch'd to  
The utmost limits of attraction,  
Are quite prepar'd to burst. If heav'n, resolv'd  
To scourge my ripe offences, should doom  
Zelida to that lot severe, may the  
Curst hour that views me Achmet's wife, behold  
Me shrouded in the peaceful tomb.

*Parthena.* A sudden  
Paleness overspreads your face, and faintness  
Creeps on every languid limb. Madam, I  
Pray retire. Lean on my arm. Sure the most faithful  
Staff, on which e'er drooping royalty reclin'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The triumph of Achmet is introduced with musical instruments, acclamations &c.*

*Achmet.* Thanks, fellow soldiers, for this day's exploits, Such as shew warriors something more than Men, and make their fame immortal. Bound are Our foreheads with ne'er fading bays, and Martial glory in a lambent flame Plays on the prophet's standard. Let each who Shares the honour of the field, hold this more Sacred than his natal day. Let unrestrain'd Festivity and mirth, reign in each loyal Dwelling. But see, the Sultan comes, for whom I oft endur'd the piercing midnight cold, And all the sharp necessities of war: And now shall deem one gracious smile an Ample meed, for every labour past,

*Enter Sultan, Lords, &c.*

*Sultan.* Welcome thou pith of eminence and duty; The land deliver'd from our Christian foes Hails her illustrious safeguard. Blow the Shrill trumpets 'till the jocund air returns [A flourish. The pomp of military sound. Let ev'ry Face that wears the very shadow of a Frown be call'd our publick foe. For thee whose

*[To Achmet.]* Deeds make future times thy own, thy studious Master finds a fit reward.

*Achmet.* Sultan, thou Pow'rful Alha here below, I, like a Suppliant at the starry throne, bow my Obedient knee. O may the source of

Never-

Never-ceasing bliss, on whom alone, the  
Worthy can confide, pour down his choicest  
Blessings on thee. But oh, my gracious  
Master, stoop to hear the commendation of  
A noble foe.—A godlike youth by martial  
Zeal inspir'd, strode where the foremost of the  
Ranks engag'd.

*Sultan.* Achmet methinks thy tongue is  
Wond'rous rich, in praising Christian virtue,  
Above the little prejudice of men,  
Thou foster'st every rising plant  
On whatsoever distant soil it grows.

*Achmet.* Dread sir, he comes.

*Enter Selim guarded.*

Behold the man at  
Whom detraction droops her head, and  
Pallid envy sickens.—The troops of France  
All scatter'd o'er the plain, left us this god-  
Like heroe to subdue, slightly attended  
With a chosen band, and blush at shameful  
Conquest.

*Sultan.* Captive, thy name.

*Selim.* 'Tis lost. Nameless  
I'd be, when liberty's no more.

*Sultan.* Affwage  
The raging billows of despair.—The native  
Ardour of a generous soul, that spurs  
It on to triumph, bids it not only  
Spare the conquer'd foe, but honour vanquish'd  
Valour. Therefore the Sultan proffers ev'ry  
Grace, thy splendid virtues challenge.

*Achmet.* [Aside.] His  
Gloomy visage paints a man depress'd, but  
Not o'ercome by fortune's griping hand.

*Selim.* Think

Not for me alone, these sable weeds of  
Sorrow cloath my brow. Alas, most courteous  
Sir, I wail the crosses of my royal  
Master, the princely, pious, Lewis.  
When I look back on troops, unnumber'd in  
The crimson field, whom their religion  
With a tone divine, excited to the war;  
Remembrance dire, (like rains descending on  
The poppy's head) sinks me to earth, and bows  
My spirit down. For me it matters not;  
I but a worm, an atom of the globe,  
Am undeserving of a moment's thought,  
In such a mighty, pondrous scene of ruin.

*Sultan.* Henceforth we'll study to relieve thy care,  
And gently smooth affliction's wrinkled brow.—  
But say what station in the Gallic train  
Thy blazon'd fame adorn'd.

*Selim.* Behold, kind victor,  
Here a private knight: not France's subject,  
But a bold ally, whom high ambition  
On it's tow'ring plume, brought to these hostile  
Plains. A few brave youths, the steady followers  
Of my wayward fortune, I led embattl'd  
To the rapid charge. Nobly those few  
Maintain'd th' unequal fight, for liberty and fame,  
When all the Gallic bands were disarray'd,  
And fled like trembling deer. Perhaps those  
Heroes of the western world, have pass'd the  
Dreary goal of death, to that strange coast, where  
Airy visions dwell.—And, oh, had I but  
Shar'd their glorious fate.—But that alas,  
My cruel stars deny'd,—and I'm reserv'd  
For ignominious bonds.

*Sultan.* I by report,  
Most noble youth, before admir'd thy  
Fortitude of soul, but now revere the

Bright

Bright celestial flame, thy native worth  
Emits. Whate'er can mitigate the pangs,  
Thou feel'st, quickly demand, and make it all  
Thy own.—Achmet, thy master wou'd a tale impart,  
A tale fit only for the Vizier's ear.

[*Exeunt Sultan and Achmet.*]

*Selim.* Oh, that the horror of eternal night,  
Wou'd here extend it's gloomy sable shade.  
Thou dusky mansion of puissant death,  
Expressive emblem of this clouded mind,  
Whose dismal doors are always wide, to take  
The wretched in, soon shall I lay my  
Heavy burthen down, in thy extensive  
Walls, where darkness reigns, and shake off hateful  
life.

[*Exit.*]

---

### A C T . III. S C E N E . I.

*Scene a Field near the Palace.*

[*Enter Achmet.*]

*Achmet.* Under the covert of a spreading tree  
I'll rest my weary limbs. Hither the dear  
Inspirer of my soul directs her nimble  
Steps.—A fair intent to succour the  
Distress'd, and stop the gushing torrents of  
The eye, bestows the pinion of uncommon  
Speed. But see, she comes, whom nature's lavish  
Hand has deck'd with every shining grace.

[*Enter Zelida.*]

Princess! thou lucid mirror of delight,  
Behold thy prostrate slave.

*Zelida.*

*Zelida.* Such servile  
Adulation ill becomes the man, whose sword  
Has thin'd the ranks of christian foes, *[aside]* ay,  
And perhaps by one detested blow  
Wounded Zelida in the tenderest part.

*Achmet.* Call it not adulation, charming maid,  
But tune the musick of thy voice divine,  
And in harmonious numbers chaunt it love

*Zelida.* Oh talk not thus. The gather'd storms  
of grief  
Beat thick upon me.

*Achmet.* I swear it must not  
Be. By our tremendous Alha,—no—sorrow  
Destroying each angelic smile, is surely  
Beauty's bane. But thou art lovely, even  
In thy woe: clear up the gloomy orb of  
Clouds, and let the wond'rous sun of thy  
Perfection shine in meridian splendour:  
Here will I breath so soft a gale of sighs  
As shall dissolve thy icy heart, and thaw  
Each frozen sense.

*Zelida.* Achmet forbear, nor tempt  
A danger fatal to mankind. What num'rous  
Ills have lovers not sustain'd. Turn o'er th'  
Historic page with heedful eye, annals  
Declare the dire effects of rash ungovern'd  
Love. The tragic theme of many a  
Midnight bard, proves this assertion true.

*Achmet.* Oh, cease to blame with that enchanting  
face  
The rosy passion thou wast form'd to raise.  
E'en now my bosom feels, the sharp, new-pointed  
Dart of pierc'ing love: a thousand pleasing  
Fires glide thro' my viens, and when I gaze on  
Thee, I'm all immortal.

*Zelida.* Doth conquest make  
Thee

Thee arrogant and vain? Must I put off  
The softness of my sex, and tell thee, Achmet,  
In a voice of thunder, thy hope's too  
Proudly plum'd.

*Achmet.* Princess, parental sanction  
Makes me bold. Elate with glory, and eternal  
Fame, I enter'd here triumphant. Thy  
Noble father, fraught with beneficence  
And royal grace, bid me propose reward  
For all my toil, and 'midst the blessings of  
The spacious globe, had all collected  
Lain before my feet, what cou'd I chuse but thee?

*Zelida.* Vizier, a sire's command indeed, may  
Filial duty claim, where soft affections  
Do not intervene. Nature bequeaths a  
Parent large domain, but still she limits  
Right. Perhaps repulse may whet thy cruel  
Subtilty of malice, and light the Sultan's  
Blaze of foul revenge. Chains may confine  
Zelida's trembling joints, and bow her bended body  
down;

But know, the soul beholds constraint with scorn,  
And at her will eludes unhallow'd pow'r.

*Achmet.* Madam, alas! I bleed to see you thus!  
The sight distorts me on a thousand wheels.  
Unskill'd in little niceties of love  
I sigh'd my honest vows. And if a rough  
Unvarnish'd soldier's tale ruffled that  
Angel form, here in a suppliant posture  
I implore at Alha's burnish'd throne  
Unnumber'd hours of smiling soft content,  
And ev'ry tranquil joy that heav'n bestows.

*Zelida.* Thy prayers are surely heard, and heav'n  
makes thee  
Th' accomplice of its good. Fly! Fly my presence!  
Wed some other maid ere the declining

*Sun*

Sunshall tinge yon' western wave. Oh! grant me this,  
 Then shall the gentle breath of dear repole  
 Light on my ficken'd soul, and health of mind  
 In all its vigour shine.

*Achmet.* The very tongue  
 That speaks its wish forbids. Sooner command  
 Me to attack, unarm'd, a band infernal  
 Of the blackest fiends, or twist the snakes  
 From fabled furies hair, than yield these  
 Holy feelings of the soul, and root the  
 Passion from my bloody heart.

*Zelida.* Desist  
 From this thy foolish firm resolve. But speak the  
 Tender purpose of thy soul to one whose  
 Heart suscipient of the flame, may yield  
 A mete return. I'd strain each pow'r to serve  
 The Sultan's Chief, but if I sacrifice  
 To others blifs, can ne'er consent to make  
 My heart the victim. Be early wise. Let  
 Each disaster your own folly caus'd,—your  
 Own discretion cure.

*Achmet.* And it is thus she  
 Rates her father's friend.—Are all the sobbings  
 Of a feeling bosom repay'd with cold  
 Disdain? From what vast heights we sanguine  
 Lovers fall. The feather'd prospects of a  
 Fair success lift us, in bright idea,  
 To the stars,—when soon the random hand of  
 Some unlook'd for chance strike us to gloomy  
 Caverns of despair, and crushes ev'ry hope. [Exit.

## SCENE II. *A Mart at a Distance.*

*Enter Selim and Henry.*

*Henry.* To you, my friend, your Henry stands indebted  
 For this small share of freedom. A heart-felt

Freedom

Freedom, welcome still far more—since 'tis  
Obtain'd by you.

*Selim.* 'Tis true to thee ill fortune's  
Pressure feels more light, and thou retain'ſt  
Only the name of bondage. For me the  
Thicken'd clouds of fell dismay shut up the  
Gloomy prospect. The soul enthrall'd deplores  
Her wretched state, yet cannot break her chain.  
Oh! love, how quick thy winged lightnings fly,  
And, as descriptive poets oft declare,  
Have done more mischief in this noisy world  
Than all the bolts of Jove.

*Henry.* Hope, the best friend  
Of Sorrow's drooping children

*Selim.* Talk not of  
Hope. Sooner endeavour, with assiduous  
Care, to view the smallest planet in the  
Sky, when wings of darkness hover o'er the  
Land, then sooth affliction with a poor  
Device, or with a flattering accent  
Whisper peace. Where shall I find that  
Gem of womankind, whom Fate's rude hand  
Forc'd from these doleful eyes.

*Henry.* Repine no more,  
Nor let th' insatiate appetite of grief prey on  
Your much-lov'd life. Who'er beneath oppression's  
Burthen sinks, richly deserves its weight.  
Fortune is never mistress to the wise,  
But rather deem'd a vassal. But, soft! a  
Lady of exalted mein glides o'er the  
Verdant plain.

*Selim.* Methinks she bears the sign  
On her brow of no small rank in fair  
Armenia's realm.

## Z E L I D A.

Enter *Parthena*.

*Parthena.* Instruct me, youths, where I  
Shall the find the man, on whom the Sultan for  
His noble nature bestow'd the name of  
Selim.

*Selim.* Behold the wretch, whose name and  
Freedom were together lost, but now for  
Mere distinction's sake answers to that  
You mention.

*Parthena.* Heaven, that yields protection  
To the good, sheds its mild balmy dew on  
Thy regarded head.

*Selim.* And is there comfort  
Left for one like me?

*Parthena.* Believe a friend who  
Bids thee not despond, a maid who call'd a  
Bracelet once her own, but since bestow'd it  
On a courteous Knight, sends me the pledge  
Of better days in store.

*Selim.* Welcome as breaking  
Beams of new-born light, thou bright celestial  
Harbinger of joy. Now is the recompence  
Of every ill, crown'd with o'erflowing measure.  
No longer fortune shews her ghastly frown,  
But bliss and I, like two long-parted mates, shall  
Surely meet again.

*Henry.* [interposing.] What sudden transformation  
Greets my eyes!

*Parthena.* A truce with wonder. Tho' the  
Deed is strange, a few short hours may draw the  
Mystic veil. *Selim*, this path conducts thee  
To the altar, where all thy vows are due.

[Exit *Selim* and *Parthena*.]

*Henry.* A few short hours!—oh! thou mistaken fair,  
Sure ev'ry moment of, uncertain fate

Creeps

Creeps with a cripple's pace. But yet the dawn  
 Of near approaching good spreads on my  
 Raptur'd view. A pleasing something whispers  
 To my soul, no mischief lurks beneath a form  
 So lovely. I'll now retreat, and bow  
 Obedient to whatever chance the  
 Universal fire of man ordains. *Exit.*

S C E N E III. *A Pavilion.*

*Enter Zelida veild.*

Zelida. Affection, nurse of elegant desire,  
 Thou soft invader of the human breast,  
 Where wilt thou lead an unexperience'd maid?  
 Wilt thou, ingrate, spurn Duty's sacred law,  
 Forsake thy father, country, and thy throne,  
 To live an alien in a foreign clime?  
 Hence, hence distracting thoughts. Let me behold  
 The noblest work creation e'er cou'd boast.  
 For him I'll venture all. Oh! Love, how  
 Powerful are thy fires, that thus can  
 Warm a feeble virgin's breast. E'en now I  
 Feel a sudden flush of thy ethereal  
 Light, and I'll attempt, in this most virtuous  
 Cause, whate'er unwounded innocence defends.

*Enter Parthena, whispers Zelida, then exit, and enters with Selim.*

*Parthena.* Madam, the godlike Selim.

Zelida. Exalted  
 Champion, whose extended arm snatch'd me  
 From terrors of impending fate, at sight  
 Of thee the tributary tear steals down  
 My maiden cheek. The noble impulse of  
 A feel-

A feeling soul bursts from the narrow

Limit of restraint, and will have speedy way.

*Selim.* Madam, the view of beauty in distress,  
A grand incitement to a martial mind,  
Claims ev'ry honest sword. Like to the warmth  
The rose god inspires, it calleth ev'ry  
Wand'ring spirit home, and to one object  
Rivets each desire.

*Zelida.* Alas! thou speak'st with  
Sympathetic voice, as tho' a quick sensation  
Mov'd thy throbbing heart, and lent description  
Aid. Hast thou relinquish'd some enamour'd  
Spouse, or left a Mistress in thy native  
Land to render loss of freedom more bemoan'd?

*Selim.* Lady.—The torch of Hymen never light  
Thy lowly slave to conjugal delight.  
Ere I beheld Armenia's shore, my heart  
Kept equal pace in each affair of love.  
I saw the shining beauties of the west,  
But ne'er paid adoration at their shrine.  
To Turkish yoke I bow my stubborn neck,  
And groan in double bondage. To blast each  
Teeming hope,—the very name and rank the  
Fair one bears, is in impenetrable darkness  
Hid.

*Zelida.* [aside] Be still thou little trembler here  
within,  
Nor tinge my visage with thy scarlet dye.  
Whilst I reveal the secret thou contain'st,  
And ease thee of thy long-accustom'd weight.  
[To him.] If her you prize, whom late report declares,  
Her name and station both are envy's mark.—  
Yet shou'd she stoop from royalty itself,  
And with a timid modesty declare  
Alternate passion of a kindred soul,  
Wou'dst thou forego thy country,—and the pow'r,

At

At whose bright fane thy bended knees unhinge,  
Abjure the customs thy forefathers taught,  
And live for her alone.

*Selim. [aside.]* Oh glorious fount of  
Ever-clearing light, beam on this sudden  
Chaos of my soul, and shape each new-  
Created thought to reason. *[To her.]* Madam, my  
Service owns itself your vassal, where pure  
Religion doth not intervene. But shall I e'er  
Deny Redemption's Lord, near that blest  
Circle where he bled for me? No, as a martyr  
Rather let me fall. He can sustain me in that  
Trying hour, asswage the doleful agonies  
Of death, and make its terrors smile.

*Zelida. Misguided*  
Youth, methinks, you brave it well.

*Selim. Alas!*  
Divinity's unspotted cause, requires  
A nobler champion on it's side.

*Zelida. Can't*  
Thou pretend to feel affection's force,  
Yet slight it's object for a dotard priest.  
Such incoherent tales, by Superstition's  
Idle sons impos'd, start from sagacious  
Reason's piercing eye, and quickly vanish  
Like a sick man's dream. On swift determination  
All depends.

*Selim. Then 'tis decreed.—Dearly my*  
Spirits hang upon thy form. But yet  
A higher principle than love, stronger  
Than proud ambition of a prince,  
Holds an eternal barrier between.

*Zelida. If so resolv'd! Rase every soft idea*  
From thy breast, and court thy wayward fate.

*Selim. Burst then, oh lab'ring heart,—Alas I*  
Cannot live exempt from love, and heav'n

Itself forbids th' obtaining terms. But know  
The day that gives up Selim's vow, gives up  
His hated life.

*Zelida unveils.*

*Zelida.* Transcendent youth ! thou well  
Deservest heaven's choicest store, by strict  
Observance of each law divine. Behold  
The damsel rescu'd by thy arm, who  
Greatly glories in an equal flame.  
A flame more pure than fabled vestal fire.  
Yet had'st thou yielded to unjust demands,  
Which I to prove thy worth so lately made,  
I had the mean oblation then disdain'd,  
And cast thee off for ever.

*Selim.* What notes  
Celestial charm my ravish'd ear.—Yet  
Still speak on—for as I catch each falling  
Sound, a heart-felt satisfaction dawns  
Upon me, soft as the silken rose's  
Op'ning bloom.—Thou bright sultana of my  
Faithful bosom.—

*Zelida.* Selim, desist.—I claim  
A moment's pause. I am Zelida, of  
Unblemish'd race, the only heiress of  
Armenia's realm.—Profest a christian too ;  
But how converted to that faith elect,  
The maid who gave thee conduct here  
Shall tell.—But one thing more I beg—

*Selim.* What woud'st  
Thou have. Thou hast my soul already.

*Zelida.* 'Tis instant succour in a dismal state.  
The vizier Achmet, far renown'd in war,  
Lov'd by my father, and our Turkish chiefs  
Proudly expects Zelida's hand, in wedlock's  
Sacred rite, and with her next succession

To

To the throne. Can't thou avert the dire  
Uplifted blow, by any honest wile?

*Selim.* Thus human happiness is ne'er compleat,  
And while vain man prepares the luscious draught,  
Some winged dæmon posting thro' the air  
Dashes his cup with gall. Madam, I boast  
A friend, to whom the secrets of this wounded  
Breast, I've freely oft imparted. A steady  
Bosom friend, in victory or chains. To him  
I'll recommend our common cause. The noble  
Henry shall consult with me; perhaps good  
Angels pitying distress, may stop  
Misfortune in it's swift career.

*Zelida.* Fain wou'd  
I see, methinks, this wond'rous man.

*Selim.* You  
Quickly shall.—But let not future ills engrofs  
Our thought. Let those few moments now allow'd,  
Be spent in modest ecstasy and love.

*Zelida.* Selim no more. The Sultan and his Vizier  
Pass this way, near this appointed time.

*Selim.* And must  
I then depart?—

*Zelida.* 'Tis meet you shou'd indeed.  
Farewell.

*Selim.* Tho' thousand daggers stab me in  
Farewell, yet as a parting is our common  
Good, I'll tear my eyes from thine.—But oh, my  
Fair, each hour remit one tender sigh,  
And I to thee will myriads more repay,  
Which shall, with magic art, unknown to all  
The world, create soft winds to waft themselves  
To thee. Adieu, 'till fate ordains we meet again.

[Exit *Selim.*  
*Zelida* retires into the pavillion.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Pavilion.**Enter Zelida.*

Zelida. 'TIS fix'd.—Where virtue and religion  
 Intervene, let filial duty fall.  
 'Tis true, I leave a sire.—Perhaps to grief.  
 Yet all the natives of this eastern world  
 Engage in constant war with Christian faith.  
 Howe'er, I'll not resolve on sudden flight  
 'Till each concurring circumstance of time  
 Shall justify the deed. But, lo! the Sultan  
 And his Minion come, and seem in busy  
 Conf'rence. Here I'll retreat, and 'scape each prying eye.

*Enter Sultan and Achmet.*

Sultan. I claim thy disappointment for my own,  
 At least a partial share.

Achmet. No!—By our Prophet,  
 Never shall it be! Behold a wretch, singled  
 By Fortune, for a load of sorrows. Here  
 Let her blackest ministers discharge the  
 Missile weapons of unconquer'd rage. Oh! sir,  
 When mem'ry's magic wand charms up each past  
 Idea to my view, methinks the cruel  
 Excellence appears, clad in the terrors  
 Of her awful beauty. Creative Fancy  
 Paints her all in frowns, and bare imagination  
 Wounds me more than all the woes I felt before I  
 Lov'd.

*Sultan.*

*Sultan.* Can she thus ill requite desert  
Like thine, yet hail the Sultan fire? I, deem'd  
The hand of all-constraining Time, had bow'd  
Her stubborn knees to duty's throne, 'till many a  
Noted circumstance occur'd, in full  
Conviction of thy slighted vow.

*Achmet.* Oh! had you  
Heard the final doom from those disdainful  
Lips, your heart to infant softness had  
Dissolv'd, and pitied wretched Achmet's luckless fate.  
Oh! cou'd these tears but quench the torch of love,—  
A torch which fair Zelida's eyes illum'd;  
Or might its bright communicative light,  
Emit sharp-pointed beams to pierce that breast,  
Now to a tender feeling senseless quite,  
And all the horrid racks my soul endures.

*Sultan.* Dry up those flowing rivulets of grief.  
If a paternal sway is found in ought,  
Prevailing o'er the froward maid, your merit  
Surely taxes all my pow'r. But if her  
Wayward inclination still shall cross  
The honest purpose of my soul, I'll leave  
The wand'rer to the spacious globe, and ev'ry  
Black calamity of life to which ill-fated  
Wretches stand expos'd. Thou, for the trivial  
Loss of one so mean, shalt mount, with some more  
Worthy fair, Armenia's envy'd throne.

*Achmet.* Curse the exchange 'twixt royalty and love!  
Ah! rather see me perish here unpitied,  
My death embitter'd too by all the keenest  
Shafts of foul reproach. Whene'er my heart  
Denies its primal vow, this steel shall pierce the  
Lurking traitor home. But, mark! the maid on  
Whom my lab'ring thoughts are all intent, this  
Way directs her steps.

*Sultan.* Achmet, retire! the

Sequel leave to thy fond master's care ; may  
 Heav'n befriend the cause of ardent love, and  
 Arm my tongue with all persuasive power.  
 I wou'd, on mildest terms, obtain consent,  
 Where all the pow'rs, both human and divine,  
 Will ratify command. But shou'd the proud  
 Ungrateful girl reject the gentle  
 Blessing I propose, deaf to the call  
 Of love and fair renown. —

*Acbmet.* Why then remember

She's your daughter still. For tho' on her I  
 Doat,—to madness doat,—almost beyond the  
 Stretch of soaring thought,—yet may th' unhallow'd  
 Hand of rude constraint ne'er seize that tender  
 Frame. Whene'er affection in a soul  
 Refin'd, requires not a mutual return,  
 The marriage torch will lose its purer  
 Flame, and light to wanton joy. [Exit.—*Sultan* retires.]

*Enter Zelida.*

*Zelida.* In what  
 Perplexing labyrinth of thought will love  
 Entangle an unskilful maid. Shall I  
 Disclose the flame that warms my breast, and trust  
 The Sultan's mercy? Forbid it love, and  
 Every rosy form that fills his train.  
 That way despair, and wildest fury turn.  
 But, lo! the Sultan comes, and on his *Sultan comes*  
 wretched *forward.*  
 Daughter bends his indignant eyes. My soul  
 Is full of terror and dismay, and all  
 The woes this throbbing bosom feels, wou'd burst  
 The fleshy limits of restraint, did they  
 Not find relief in gushing tears.

*Sultan.* Why art thou drest  
 In sorrow's sad attire?

*Zelida.*

*Zelida.* Because a beggar in  
The world of bliss, — deny'd the smallest alms  
Of cheering joy. Those drops that now bedew  
My haggard cheek are sure the silent language  
Of distress, and clearer paint the heart's  
Tumultuous state, than all the pageant  
Rhetoric of words.

*Sultan.* Away with sullen  
Proofs of discontent ! My breast shall kindle  
Ardour in thy mind, and with the noble  
Fire ambition lends, light thee to crowns  
And ne'er declining glory.

*Zelida.* And shall Zelida,  
With a trembling hand, grasp at the mimic  
Shade of rosy peace ? Greatness, I fear, is  
Deem'd a Paradise alone, by dim short-  
Sighted mortals. Thro' the false glasses of  
High-crested pride, it seems ethereal  
Ground. But near approach unveils illusion  
To the naked view. The eye of sense perceives  
The Fairy land, attracted only by  
Magnetic air.

*Sultan.* Daughter ! no more of these  
Ungrateful sounds ; the meer chimeras of a  
Churlish priest. Exalt thy drooping thoughts  
To empire's height. Achmet shall lead thee  
To the nuptial fane, where dimpled beauty  
Blusheth kind consent. Now, by our holy  
Prophet, here I swear, the day that views thee  
Meet the Vizier's wish, shall view thee partner  
Of Armenia's throne. There unknown joys  
Attend on sovereign rule, above the  
Subject's narrow mind to feel.

*Zelida.* Why will  
You urge your hapless daughter thus, to yield  
Her hand where most her heart abhors. Impose  
On

On duty the severest task in any  
Other cause. Command Zelida, straight to  
Fix abode, where loath'd disease, and meagre  
Famine dwell. Place her forlorn on unfrequented  
Land, where no kind friendly vessel deigns to  
Touch.—be herbs my food, some purling stream  
My draught,—my only comrades inoffensive  
Brutes,—This and much more I'll uncomplaining  
Bear, 'till death that moweth all distinction  
Down, shall gently lay me in the silent grave.

*Sultan.* Can't thou, unmov'd, behold thy aged sire,  
(Whom day and night alternately declare  
Eagerly anxious for a daughter's weal)  
Pleading to make thee happy and ador'd?  
If thou art deaf to all I here can urge,  
Divest thy mind of philosophic cheat,  
Of self deceit, and specious argument;  
And let affection's gentle call, join'd  
With the noblest sound of fair renown,  
Allure Zelida.—

*Zelida.* Not to the Vizier's bed.  
Witness, ye blessed natives of the sky,  
With what reluctance poor Zelida sins.  
Tho' strongest motives force me to reject  
A tender father's will—yet nature  
Shudders at the painful deed.

*Sultan.* Art thou  
With disobedient folly charm'd?

*Zelida.* If to  
Detest the Vizier's loath'd embrace,  
Be planting weeds in folly's rankest soil,  
Wisdom and I are bitter foes indeed.

*Sultan.* Now thou hast charm'd my fury from  
it's cell.  
No more it brooks the rein of mild restraint:  
To-morrow sees the crisis of thy fate.

Soon

Soon as Aurora teems with infant day  
The marriage rites attend. If stubborn  
Inclination then shall check, a bridegroom's  
Rising joy, these hands shall drag thee trembling  
To the shrine, and yield thee, spite of all thy  
Sex's wiles, a weeping victim to the  
God of love.

[Exit.]

*Zelida.* Yet stay, my father, — I conjure  
Thee stay; vouchsafe attention to a  
Hapless child. Alas, he's gone. Fled me like  
Baneful pestilence or death. Look down ye  
Guardian angels of the good, and with  
A moist compassionating eye, behold  
In me misfortune's elder born. But, see,  
The friend, whom most my soul approves, (who  
Reconciles me oft to wayward fate; and  
All the weight of sorrow, heav'n decrees) seeks  
The pavilion's shade.

*Enter Parthena and Henry.*

*Parthena.* Madam, the godlike  
Henry! —

*Zelida.* Welcome I'd bid to Selim's second-  
Self, did not such welcome, invitation  
Lend to flowing tears, and all the dreary  
Pangs of fell dismay.

*Henry.* Lady, the drops that  
Wet those beauteous cheeks, richer than pearly  
Dews that scent the lawn, unman, alas, my  
Stubborn soldier's heart, and wake each ~~tender~~  
Feeling. Nay, when I gaze at such excess of  
Grief, that bursts a deluge from a lab'ring breast,  
A lenient, sweet sensation creeps upon  
Me, and inward melts me to a very woman. —  
Sure 'tis the voice of pity pleads within,

Quickly

Quickly to know the cause of all thy sorrow  
And fly with eaglet-wing to search redress.

*Zelida.* Thanks, gen'rous Henry. But yet I fear thy  
Fond officious care, is vainly here employ'd.  
Mis'ry is sure the minister of fate  
To guide Zelida to the gaping tomb,  
Where joy and all it's golden comrades ne'er  
Resort, but everlasting darkness reigns alone.

*Henry.* It ne'er shall be.—Let Selim's faithful friend  
Snatch thee from all those gloomy terrors, that  
Haunt thy wild distemper'd reason thus.  
Sure fate wou'd stamp that hour with blackest curse,  
Wherein so fair an innocence was lost ;  
Sever'd from earth, and Selim's longing arms.  
Oh, could you hear him sigh, as I have done ;  
Then softly swear, and tenderly avow,  
With each emotion of a feeling soul,  
Zelida dear as virtue's brightest form,  
You wou'd in pity make a truce with tears,  
With modest aspect hear the soothing tale,  
And live for him alone.

*Partbena.* Madam, behold  
Him here. You seem in wild disorder. Call  
To your instant aid each latent power,  
And calm the rising anguish in your soul.

*Enter Selim.*

Exalted Selim, rightly welcome now ;  
Behold the vernal flower of delight,  
Bending to earth, and shedding all it's sweets.  
Oh, let thy eyes exert their gentle beams,  
Warming to new-born life with genial heat,  
Nor e'er permit it, like a baleful weed,  
To fade and perish in a chilly shade.

*Selim.* Where is the bud of ever blooming happiness ?  
Oh,

Oh, let me fold perfection in my arms,  
To make me more than mortal. Thou fairest  
Source of all terrestrial bliss, thus while  
I clasp thee to my throbbing bosom, the fates  
Repay for each misfortune past. My ev'ry  
Faculty is full of thee, and drinks celestial  
Pleasure. Blest in thy dear society,  
The barren rock, or frigid, gloomy vale,  
Gay as elysian groves wou'd seem to smile,  
With nectar-streams, and ne'er decaying joy.

*Zelida.* Not the last trump, that summons all the dead,  
Can give more instant vigour, at it's sound, than  
Selim's grateful tongue. But I have news, (if  
E'er you held the poor Zelida dear, as  
Sure my heart suggests your vows were true)  
Wou'd like the frenzy of a moon-struck brain,  
Conjure distraction from her antic cave,  
And make thee rage with most transcendent fury.

*Selim.* Be brief, my fair.—Nor let suspense alarm  
My manhood thus. I'll laugh at each tempestuous  
Gust, oppression's wind can scatter o'er  
My head—may I but call thee mine; but if  
On thy excelling form, unfriendly planets  
Shine, I'll fall supine before the starry throne,  
And beg the ills, by heav'n design'd to urge  
Thy tender frame, may center here.

*Zelida.* Now you're  
Too kind. Howe'er my father dooms his  
Rueful daughter.—Whether to chains or  
Matrimonial curse; succeeding times  
Shall celebrate thy name, and slighted  
Virgins ne'er forget thy praise, due  
To unequall'd constancy and love.

*Selim.* Thy father's doom, and matrimonial curse,  
Place them in space, a thousand globe's asunder.  
There's surely more than magic in the sound.

Waft

Waft us, ye winds, to Caledonia's shore,  
Where peace and harmony retain a seat,  
And tranquil hours attend.

*Zelida.* There spoke, methinks,  
The voice of prophecy, inspir'd by some  
Unseen, preserver of the good. Gold, though  
The bane, and deadly aconite of ev'ry  
Clime, when us'd a tool to pow'r, and lawless  
Men, reserves a happy quality within,  
Where fair discretion woos. More than enough  
My private hoards contain, to aid our flight,  
And make retirement blest. And here, by pure  
Seraphic flames I swear, I'd rather dye  
The glorious Selim's wife, than live a  
Monarch's bride, and rule the world.

*Henry and Partbena.* Permit  
The partners of your private councils, to find  
The necessary means of your escape, and  
Follow all your fortunes.

*Selim.* Why now the measure of  
Delight runs o'er. My father's mansion  
With it's gracious arms, is well prepar'd to  
Take th' unhappy in : There blest with innocence  
And friendship's store, in days of ease, and nights  
Of balmy slumber, we all may dwindle  
In a good old age, 'till every spring of  
Life forgets to move, and all her wheels stand still.  
But oh, thy tender form can ill sustain, [To Zelida.  
The madding fury of the briny surge,  
The tedious journey through—

*Zelida.* [Interrupting] Wreck me not  
Thus : My heart's not proof against a shade of doubt.  
Conduct me through th' inhospitable sands,  
Where only hairy sylvans roam. Or near  
The confines of the northern pole, where  
Flaking ice, and lofty piles of snow, condense

The

The stiff'ning air. Aspiring love will make  
Zelida bold to follow Selim's steps.  
But now the tuneful bird on yonder spray  
Has rais'd her evening song. Adieu, till night  
Is clad in sable vest, and busy mortals  
Overcome with toil, are bound in pleasing  
Fetters of repose.

*Partbena.* Then on the hill where  
Yonder lambkins play, your trusty servants  
Wait. There is a lonely hermit's cell, where  
Lives a man unlike the human race. —

*Henry.* At which appointed spot we all will meet  
And bid farewell to proud Armenia's coast.

*Selim.* Parent of all, from whose clear stream our  
Brightest reason flows, direct our ways by  
Thy unerring light, inspire thy creatures  
With expedient means to fly this hateful  
Land, but if thy gracious will decrees  
Our fall, to glut the fierce, tyrannic rage  
Of men, let them in us behold unshaken souls,  
And how a mind resolv'd, dares meet it's fate.

---

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Scene a Chamber in the Sultan's Palace.*

*The Sultan riseth from a Couch.*

*Sultan.* **W**HAT, ho!—who waits without.

*Enter Eunuch.*

How wears the night.

*Eunuch.* Dread sir, the bear is turn'd the algid wane.

*Sultan.* Retire, and wait attentively my farther call.

[*Exit Eunuch.*

Now midnight darkness overshades the globe,  
 Bearing a near resemblance to my mind.  
 The vulgar think me great, and therefore happy.  
 Such are, alas, the faint, delusive  
 Notions of unskilful men. To me this  
 Gaudy palace seems a den, where sighs, and  
 Very wretchedness preside. My stubborn  
 Daughter frights the sleepy God, who shuns th'  
 Unhappy monarch's thorny couch, and strews  
 His drowsy poppies round a vassal's head.

*Enter Eunuch.*

**Eunuch.** Tremendous master, lo! great Achmet  
 waits  
 And humbly begs access. In every  
 Feature wild disorder reigns. Conflicting  
 Passions seem to struggle for the sway, and  
 Rend the toiling soul.

**Sultan.** Let him then enter. [Exit Eunuch.]  
 What mean these gloomy apprehensions here,  
 Like ghastly sprights, that haunt the guilty mind,  
 And plant eternal scorpions.

*Enter Achmet.*

My son,  
 (For so I nominate thee now) smooth thy  
 Contracted brow. The nuptial god attends  
 With blazon'd torch, to usher in delight.  
 On the soft pillow of Zelida's breast  
 Reclin'd, in raptures of extatic bliss,  
 Be every care forgotten.

**Achmet.** Talk not of  
 Marriage, or a shade of joy. My fault'ring  
 Tongue imparts a horrid tale, might make the  
 Eldest

Eldest fiend of darkness howl.—But spare the  
Cruel task, and learn it here. [Delivers a letter.

*Sultan.* [reads.] 'Tis known the  
Chief commander of the Night is by the  
Princess brib'd, Zelida long abjur'd the  
Turkish faith, and greatly glories in the  
Christian laws. Selim her plighted Lord,  
With chosen Friends, are now preparing for  
The means of flight. Ere this arrives they reach  
The hermit's cell, and clad in fit disguise  
Direct their course to Caledonian plains.

*Acbmet.* Oh! like a traitor had I been impal'd,  
Sooner than felt the woe this hour unfolds.

*Sultan.* May furies seize the rest. Sure ev'ry  
Word in this detested scowl, was penn'd with  
Venom drawn from foulest adders. But sorrow's  
Burthen bears too hard upon me, and bends  
My body in a green old age, down to the  
Silent mansions of the dead.

[Swoons.

*Acbmet.* Haste, haste  
Ye vassals. Bring forth the richest cordials  
Of the east, to give your master renovated  
Life.—Sure fate has fix'd destruction's seal  
Upon me, and all the minutes of the  
Damn'd are mine. [Enter Attendants.]

Help me support afflicted  
Royalty, and lift this weight of mis'ry  
From the ground.

*1st Attendant.* See, he revives.

*Acbmet.* Revives indeed—  
To bear sharp torments in an earthly hell.  
Tho' thoughts distracting tear my wretched bosom,  
Loyalty claims pre-eminence, and joins  
Her plaintive notes with sympathy divine,  
To melt my manhood to a female softness.

*Sultan.* Why have you drawn me from oblivion

Thus

Thus, to view the hated light. To what great Purpose is your zeal bestow'd; only to Drive me back on Recollection, and wake My thoughts to anarchy and madness.

*Achmet. Tremendous Sultan.—*

*Sultan. Oh! speak not thus; such Pagent title does but mock me now. The blackest epithet that priests invent When they denounce damnation to a Callous wretch, is more adapted to my Present state.—But ere the sparks of reason Are extinct, I'll do a justice that becomes a Monarch. Guards, on your lives, prepare the Keenest instruments of pain. I'll feast my Eyes with black, rebellious blood, and Cheer each sense, with viewing treason's fall.* [Exit.]

*Achmet. My own calamities I'll sooth awhile, And give my sorrows to the wasting winds: Yet thine, oh Sultan, shall be deep engrav'd, In the retentive tablet of my heart. — I've seen the furious tempest of thy soul, Lull'd by my breath, to softest halcyon calm. Oh! gracious Alha, beam on my fair Endeavours: Approve my faith and duty to The fire, nobly triumphant o'er the daughter's love.*

SCENE II. *A hill near a Hermit's cave.*

*Zelida. 'Ere this, methinks, we'd gain'd the steep ascent, Had not my fears betray'd a timid mind. — Yet chide me not. For oh, my lord, if once My weakness shou'd provoke a frown, frantic, I'd curse my very being, and wish I Ne'er had liv'd, or not been lov'd.*

*Selim. Most perfect Model*

Model of the Cyprian dame, chase dark  
 Suspicion's shade. Am I not blest, far  
 Beyond mortal thought? Art thou not all that  
 Young desires can frame? Unumber'd graces  
 Play upon thy smiles, and bathe in liquid  
 Chrystal of thy eyes. Each accent falling  
 From thy rosy lips, is sweetly gentle  
 As a zephyr's breeze, that fans the placid  
 Bosom of the spring, and ev'ry sigh more  
 Fragrant than the morn.

*Zelida.* Howe'er I am by

Wary nature cast, mild satisfaction  
 Joins our little train, since god-like Selim's mine.  
 Oh! I will hide me in thy constant breast,  
 The port wherein my anxious mind  
 Rides safe: discharge the burthen of my  
 Doating heart, and shew thee all it's feeling.  
 But while I only gaze upon thee,  
 Raptures in gushing floods pour thick upon me,  
 And sounds are wanting to declare my gladness.

*Selim.* Thou brightest pattern of unshaken truth,  
 Shou'd I not be an infidel in love  
 To harbour doubts of thee; oh! thy emotions  
 Fondly pair with mine. The fair, transparent  
 Current of thy thoughts, flows in the channel  
 Of seraphic joy, and thou surpassest  
 All thy sex, in virtues most refin'd, and  
 Purity of soul.

*Zelida.* Alas, my Lord, how

All these melting passions, deceive our  
 Grosser powers. While we in blind security  
 Consume our precious time, my father's  
 Soldiers from the outward walls, by Achmet's  
 Stern command, may fall forth, and drawn  
 In files by military skill, may bar  
 Each promis'd avenue to flight.

Henry and Parthena disguised, enter hastily.

Henry. Fly, fly

My lord, on expedition's wing. From yonder Eminence we late descry'd a dusty cloud, Directing fast it's lofty circle hither; Thro' which fierce gleams of gold in splendour pierce: A shout of martial pomp has thrice been heard, Which splits the welkin with it's cleaving din.

Zelida. There's not a word, escap'd those fatal lips, But carries spotted pest, and each disease That bears a strong antipathy to life.

My spirits fail.—Each spring relax'd, has lost It's function now, and all the woman yields. [Faints.]

Parthena. Alas! she faints. The ruby colour's from Her visage fled, that late was seated there.

Selim. Oh, best belov'd.—Oh, drooping excellence. Erect those eyes that spoil mankind of day. Let me arrest thy flying soul, and force The flutt'ring captive to it's accustom'd Cell. See—she looks up, and all celestial Charms regain their throne: a thousand beauties overspread her face, and sport like Cupids Round the Paphian queen.

Zelida. Now I awake From sorrow's dismal trance, with all the Horrors of a fearful sinner, who at the whips Of conscience stands aghast. Like him I Tremble at the Vizier's name. But thou, My lord, art sure a sovereign balm for Sharp misfortune's sore. Thus, thus encircled In those trusty arms, where fresh elysian Flowers spread their sweets, I scorn the influence Of adverse stars, and all the malice of Resistless fate.

Henry. Prudence, my friends, forbids Our longer stay, for distant sounds alarm

My

My ears, and ev'ry minute's black with louder dread.

*Selim.* Let us then fly ; and if o'ertaken by  
The troops of guards, like a collected army  
Stand the shock.—This hand enur'd to war. [To Zelida.  
And daring deeds, shall fight, my fair, the cause  
Of love and thee. But if o'ermatched by such  
a Numerous odds, I fall disfigur'd with

A thousand wounds —

*Zelida.* Why then indeed, I shall  
Not long survive. Disrob'd of flesh, all soul  
I'll follow thee. Our love shall flourish, like  
Ourselves immortal ; and when thro' plains  
Ethereal we move, the candid spirits  
Joyfully shall say —lo !—the most faithful  
Pair, that ever enter'd in the realms above. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Sultan's palace.*

*Enter Achmet.*

'Ere this the soldiers by the Sultan sent  
Have almost gain'd the sloping hill. Yes—thou  
Fair fugitive, thou shalt yet be ta'en, and  
Safe to virtue, country, and thyself  
Remain, tho' to thy int'rest blind, and  
Lost to me. I thank thee prophet, who hast  
Arm'd my tongue with efficacious pow'r  
To sooth <sup>all</sup> my master to a gentle calm,  
And ~~sooth~~ the boist'rous whirlwind of his soul.—  
But see he comes, involv'd in thought profound

[Retires.

*Enter Sultan.*

*Sultan.* From me, succeeding times shall learn, that  
Grandeur never is exempt from woe.  
The life of man's a wilderness of ills,  
Thro' which the ruler, and the peasant, drag

In winding maze, their weary, wandering steps.  
 Exalted Achmet, sprung from the precious [Seeing Ach.  
 Store of friendship's mine, now in the chilly  
 Winter of my fortune, stick to my aged  
 Sides, and kindly warm me with supplying heat.

*Achmet.* If amidst all the various plagues, that  
 Fate can scatter with a baleful hand,  
 I basely leave my Sultan, and my friend,  
 May every pow'r to which my youth has bow'd,  
 In the extremest need abandon me.

*Sultan.* Accept what thanks a grateful mind bestows.  
 Oh ! when the prospect of redress is past,  
 A tender fellow feeling of affliction,  
 Is the best cordial that a friend can offer,  
 To ease sharp pangs, and heal our mental wounds.  
 Ah me ! what dismal groans,—Achmet, behold th'  
 Aspiring man, who boldly ventur'd to confront  
 Thy love. [Selim is brought in.]

*Achmet.* His brow's o'erspread with clammy dews  
 Of death.

*Selim.* Here set me down. Let me pour  
 Forth the fulness of my bosom, and sink  
 Supinely to my lasting rest.

*Sultan.* How nature [aside.  
 Pleads with all prevailing voice, and spite of  
 Each resolve that steel'd my heart. dictates  
 In sighs, Zelida is my child.—Say is  
 My daughter number'd with the living, and  
 Is she still unfullied?

*Selim.* Afflicted sire,  
 Your wretched daughter liv'd, when my poor breast  
 Receiv'd its fatal wound ; and if the stars  
 Had favour'd our designs, Scotland had view'd  
 The tend'rest wife, that ever blest a happy  
 Husband's arms ; harmless in thought as female  
 Turtle doves ; pure and untainted as  
 Descended snow, that lies unwarm'd on

Greenland's

Greenland's craggy hills.

*Achmet.* Dread sir, awhile  
Avert those wretched eyes. A ghastly vision  
Rising to my view, freezes the frigid  
Current of my blood, and soon will turn me  
To a lifeless statue. [Zelida is brought in.]

*Zelida.* Place me betwixt  
My father, and my love; there wou'd I end  
This melancholy being, and bid the  
World adieu.

*Selim.* What means that deadly paleness  
On thy cheek? Those swimming eyes, that us'd to  
Dart the rosy beams of joy, are languid  
Now, and all thy frame's with sharp convulsions  
Torn.

*Zelida.* On dissolution's dreary verge  
I stand.—When you was hurried from the  
Scarlet field; the gallant Henry brav'd the  
Guards alone. Under whose arm, the chilly  
Executing spear of fate, reach'd my  
Unhappy bosom.

*Sultan.* Let me shake off this  
Lethargy accurst. Haste—call physicians;  
Bring the choicest drugs, still to detain the  
Flying breath, and keep in royal life.

*Achmet.* Can annals e'er record a day like this?

*Zelida.* Seek not, alas! to close this fleshy cage.  
My active soul's already on the wing,  
Nor can the artist, stopping ev'ry breach,  
Close up the yielding passage to the sky.

*Selim.* Why truth as ever centers in thy words.  
The lively spring of beauty's now no more,  
The lillies wither, and the roses fade,  
And death exulteth o'er those lips, where grace  
Of speech, and soft persuasion hung.

*Sultan.* Look up,  
Thou murder'd innocence. Her dying softness [aside.  
Steals

Steals upon me, and melts my manhood into  
Boyish tears.

*Zelida.* Father, the hand of death  
Exerts its utmost force, to break the  
Stubborn ligaments of life. Say—will you  
Then forgive the excessive fondness of  
A doating maid, Love, and adherence to  
The Christian faith, urg'd us to luckless  
Flight. Oh! let me hear remission's gentle  
Voice. My fleeting ghost shall catch the falling  
Sound, and bear the sweet expression to  
The shades.

*Sultan.* Daughter, my heart bleeds equal drops  
With thine, and every angry resolution's  
Fled.—May all thy virtues, in their brightest  
Garb, charm'd to the sky, by pure, angelic  
Notes, before the sacred, and immortal  
Throne in sweet memorial rise, and ev'ry  
Imperfection of thy sex, in deep  
Oblivion die. Such a forgiveness  
As I now accord, and such alone, may  
Heaven grant to me.

*Zelida.* Now I am blest  
Indeed, and music charms me to my last  
Repose.—Achmet, come hither.—When I am  
Mingled with my kindred dust, judge me not  
Too severely; but pond'rate each transaction  
Of my life, in candour's lovely scale.  
Selim, for thee I muster ev'ry vital pow'r,  
And all my dying faculties are thine.  
Prepare to join me with the choirs above,  
In the bright regions of eternal day.  
The golden landskip riseth to my view,  
And love shall waft us to our final home.

*Sultan.* Insatiate tomb, how shall I envy thee  
This beauteous form. Surely thy charms will  
Vigour lend to death, and warm the frigid  
Monster into life.

*Zelida.*

*Zelida.* Oh ! my lov'd lord,  
Joyfully as feather'd choiristers accost  
The morn, after a chilly, tedious  
Winter night, let us forfaze these earthly  
Dark abodes, and haste to mingle with the saints  
On high.

[*Dies.*]

*Selim.* Swiftly I'll follow with a  
Bridegroom's speed. Virtue,—Affection,—two  
Exalted names; in your defence, I drew  
My honest sword. Heroic spirits of  
Departed warriors, behold I fall  
Unspotted as I liv'd, and like the sun  
Set in an orb of glory.

[*Dies.*]

*Sultan.* May clement  
Heav'n receive their parting souls. Sure they lov'd  
Well. For, lo ! the blood that issues from their  
Wounds, joins in one blended stream. To thee

[*To Achmet.*]

I here resign Armenia's crown. Farewel  
Ye gilded vanities of life; the cringe  
Of flatt'ry, and the trump of fame. I'll seek  
The gloomy, solitary cell, where peace  
It's mild associate makes abode.

*Achmet.* A crown's  
A gift scarce worth acceptance now.—The purple  
Greatness, and the glare of state, will only  
Give a keener sense of anguish, and add  
Misfortunes that escape the croud. The shrub  
Avoids the winged light'ning's rage, that blasts  
The lofty cedar's top.—Whoe'er pursues  
Fruition of content, must pass the throne,  
And calmly seek it in the rustic's cave.

*End of the fifth Act.*

## E P I L O G U E.

**H**ARD is the task impos'd (in times like these)  
On ev'ry Bard, the gen'ral Taste to please;  
Since it remains in no continu'd sphere,  
But like a phantom moves—'tis here!—'tis there!  
As various fancies diff'rent men display,  
So few approve the same Dramatic Lay.

With martial wreaths, the noisy soldier clad  
Enthusiastic, military mad,  
Smiles when the tragic muse is sheath'd in arms,  
And GA—R—K's Richard wears a thousand charms.

Well pleas'd with Lee, whose muse was wont to tame,  
Under the pale dominion of the moon:  
The stage-struck youth, (averse to joke or pun)  
Up-born by clouds, encores great Philip's son.

The melting lass, whose languid eyes impart,  
The softest feeling of a tender heart,  
With pleasure oft doth Otway's piece survey,  
And lovely Belvidera bears the sway.

Newly arriv'd, pert miss, from school in France,  
Whose head is turn'd by Novel or Romance,  
Likes Rowe's pathetic scenes extreamly well,  
And gay Lothario's figure bears the bell.

If therefore palates various meats demand,  
As divers culture's us'd to diff'rent land,  
A British Muse by us consulted long,  
Has lain down this the standard of her song,  
That you'll a spurious taste adopt no more,  
But feed as our forefathers fed before.  
To-night we hope our Drama's fare is good,  
We know it plain, but think it wholesome food.



